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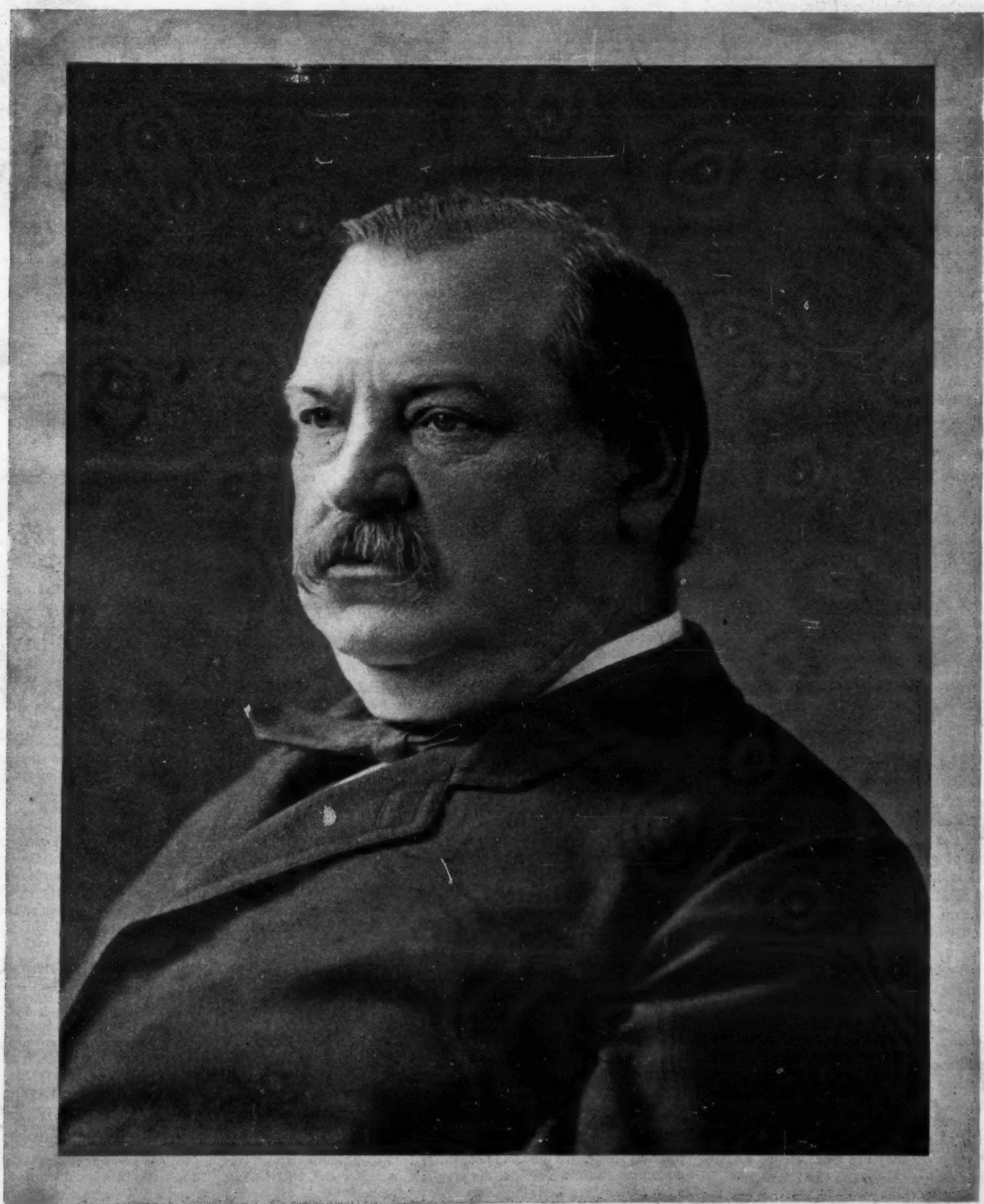
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340
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HON. GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.—FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELLPublisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1892.

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THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

WE welcome the nomination of Grover Cleveland as the Democratic candidate for President, because it assures a campaign of ideas. Mr. Cleveland is the distinctive and peculiar representative of the idea of "tariff reform," as against the principle of protection to American industries represented by Benjamin Harrison and the Republican party. He had the courage to avow his convictions when that avowal was regarded by the cowards of his party as impolitic and dangerous. He maintained them in the face of hostile clamor until he finally compelled his party to adopt his doctrine, and seek its incarnation in the public statutes. The nomination of any other Democrat as the party candidate would have been a surrender of this principle, no matter how vigorously it might have been affirmed in the party platform, in obedience to the demand of expediency. He was the logical candidate, and it speaks well for the sagacity of the controlling minds of the party that the logic of the situation has been recognized.

Mr. Cleveland is not a man of the finest intellectual quality, but there can be no doubt at all as to his personal honesty, nor is there any reason to believe that in the event of his election he will swerve from the line of duty as he understands it. We do not believe that, standing upon a practical free-trade platform, he can be elected. We shall do what we can to prevent such a result, which we believe would be unfortunate for the best interests of the country. But we shall find a supreme satisfaction, while we thus oppose him, in the fact that the campaign has been elevated to a standard of intelligent discussion of policies and ideas, and that, whatever may be the outcome, it may be presumed that it will reflect the enlightened convictions of the people.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S CANDIDATE.

THE coming political contest is to be decided along the lines of business policies and principles. There are issues of a purely political character which will engage attention, but they are subordinate to the greater question of the maintenance of business stability and the continuance of business prosperity. More and more the people are coming to regard the administration of government as a business affair, and they are less likely than ever before to be led away into the consideration of questions of a merely sentimental nature.

The administration of President Harrison has been peculiarly a business administration. It has been conducted with supreme reference to the promotion of industrial and commercial interests. In every department of the government this policy has been paramount, and the results have proved in every respect satisfactory to the country. All classes of our population have shared in the advantages of this business method. The merchant, the manufacturer, the workingman, the producer and the consumer alike, have profited by it. The country is richer, the comforts of life are more widely diffused, the bases of national prosperity are more securely established, than at any time since the Civil War.

The influence of these facts upon the coming contest will be largely determinative. We believe that in this contest President Harrison will receive the support of the great body of business men throughout the country. They are not prepared to risk a change of policy and the substitution of un-

tried experiments for the wise and safe administration which has contributed so largely to the general welfare. The business interests of all sections of the country have responded with enthusiasm to his nomination, not only because he is personally clean and able, but because he has shown himself to be a prudent, alert, and sagacious man of affairs, whose controlling purpose is in everything to secure to every citizen of the land the largest possible measure of substantial happiness and prosperity.

A PROPHET OF EVIL.

THERE is no doubt at all that in some parts of the South the negro is treated with great injustice, being habitually denied the rights guaranteed him by the Constitution and laws of the country. In the struggle to make his way he is handicapped by disabilities imposed by local prejudice and ignorance, and doors of opportunity which are free to others are shut in his face. But these wrongs are not to be righted by inflammatory appeals to his prejudices, or by a resort on his part to acts of lawlessness and crime. The difficulties under which he labors are to be solved mainly from within, by the operation of the influences of education, leading logically to the modification of antagonisms which have no substantial basis. He must be assured the protection of Federal law in the enjoyment of his political rights, but the efficacy of these laws cannot be increased by incitements to violence from persons without. When, therefore, we find men like Judge Tourgee declaring that unless the country changes its attitude toward the negro and gives him fair play there will come inevitably within the next three years a massacre without parallel since that of the French Revolution, we can only regard the appeal as utterly and inexcusably mischievous. There is no danger at all of an uprising of the blacks. There is no possibility of a massacre; and he who imagines such a possibility utterly mistakes the temper of the time in which he lives no less than the character of the unfortunate people whose interests he professes a desire to subserve.

The prompt solution of the so-called negro problem is on every account desirable. We believe that the blacks are making headway in spite of the unfavorable conditions which surround them. While the dominant sentiment is intolerant and repressive, it is also true that not a few influential Southern men are honestly striving to promote their welfare, and they must in the logic of the case ultimately secure a partial recognition of their rights. The white population of the South cannot always remain solid in its opposition to an honest and lawful exercise of the ballot on the part of the negro voters. The time will come when, in obedience to causes which no political party can control, that solidarity will be broken. When that time comes, and the bugbear of negro supremacy shall no longer appall the South, the two races will adjust themselves upon natural conditions, and the problem which now vexes our statesmanship will find solution along the lines of safety and justice.

THE GROWTH OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE late Amos Bronson Alcott, who began life as a peddler and developed into a peripatetic philosopher, with a range from divinity down to diet, was undoubtedly the father of the summer school, in the modern sense. That remarkable conversationalist was in himself a summer school of philosophy in the apple orchards of Concord for years before the idea broadened into a regular organization, with stated hours for lectures and fixed rates for table board. He was capable of talking for any length of time on any given subject, and he talked so well that people with summer leisure were glad to travel to Concord to hear him; but as the monologue is hostile to the spirit of American institutions, and variety is the spice of existence, there grew in the apple orchard at Concord, about fifteen years ago, an institution the like of which had not been seen on earth since the days of the scholastics. During one hour you could imbue yourself with Alexandrian Neo-Platonism; the next hour you could learn wherein the system of Hegel differed from that of Fichte; and after an intermission for doughnuts, milk and pie, you could turn to abstract ethics and the general relations of the individualized Ego to the conditions of time and space. If there had been no Bronson Alcott there would have been no Concord Summer School of Philosophy, and the last quarter of the present century might have missed one of its most characteristic developments.

For the Concord school was the pioneer of a great number of similar institutions, which in multifarious activity and well-deserved prosperity now bless the land. The first and severely Greek conception of the summer school's proper function has been modified by the requirements of practical utility. To the mind not wholly bent on pleasure during the vacation season of the year, this interesting and, as we believe, peculiarly American system offers varied and continually increasing opportunities for serious occupation combined with country air. There has flourished for several years in the Connecticut valley a summer school of literature, where *belles-lettres* are cultivated, with a rather ambitious curriculum. The doctrines of theology, the dogmas of high art, the use of the saucepan, the modern

languages, the development of the photographic dry plate by pyrogallie acid and other rapid absorbents of oxygen, history, hygiene, and a hundred other branches of human knowledge, can all be pursued somewhere under the trees. Even the government of the United States has established a summer school of naval strategies.

The most comprehensive application of the idea is at Chautauqua, whither an admirably organized and well-equipped summer university draws every year a greater throng of students. The Chautauqua institution combines the methods of the summer school proper with systematic courses of reading and instruction by mail during the whole year. Its influence as an educator entitles it already to be ranked among the great schools of the world. A school upon a broad and well-considered plan is to be opened under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church next month at New London, the permanent location to be determined hereafter. It includes in its list of teachers such names as Professor Robinson, of Yale, in law; Richard Malcolm Johnston, George P. Lathrop, and Louise Imogene Guiney in literature; and John La Farge in art. The inaugural address is to be delivered by Cardinal Gibbons. The prospect of a vigorous and useful life is excellent for the new Catholic summer school, and its inception affords another illustration of the vitality there is in the Concord idea.

In considering the reasons which underlie this remarkable departure of recent years, it will be observed that the summer school came into existence just at the time when the lyceum lecture that held so important a place in American life during the third quarter of the century had almost disappeared as an educational factor. The summer-school system, with its elective features, offers a substitute for, and in many respects an improvement upon, the winter lecture course of the past. It has, moreover, the immense advantage of appealing to the appetite for an approach to nature, and for unconventional life out of doors, which is so strong in every healthy mind when the season invites to the mountain, the sea, and the lakeshore. Every summer school affords in more or less modified form a camping-out experience. Even the summer fever is not entirely frivolous in its yearnings. The summer school is no longer an experiment. Its usefulness is established, and the further extension and popularity of the system is already assured.

MR. BLAINE.

It may be, as some conjecture, that Mr. Blaine will never again appear as an active and conspicuous figure in public affairs. It is possible that he will be quite content, as is intimated, to engage in literary pursuits, far from the gaze of "the madding crowd" and the clamor and turmoil of political strife. He has fairly earned the right to withdraw into dignified retirement, and if he shall so elect, the country cannot interpose any objection.

We regret to see a disposition in some quarters to belittle Mr. Blaine's great public services and detract from the high honors which he has won by his achievements. Whatever may have been Mr. Blaine's errors of judgment, and however he may have misconceived the public temper at some crises in his life, the fact remains that he has largely influenced the political life of his time, has contributed immensely to the promotion of Republican principles and policy, and has in all the official positions he has occupied rendered the country services of exceptional value. No amount of partisan detraction and abuse can obscure these facts, and no venom of factional pens should be permitted to spatter the reputation he has made by ill-conceived and unjust criticisms, now that he has withdrawn from active participation in affairs. We did not regard his nomination for the Presidency as advisable. We have never believed that he was a candidate for that nomination. Had he been placed at the head of the ticket we should have given him our loyal and vigorous support. Now that he is simply a follower of the standard rather than a leader in the fight, we can see no reason why his services to his party and the country should be depreciated. He will abide in the affections of his countrymen when the men who have assumed to be his peculiar friends and admirers have been utterly forgotten.

THE TIN-PLATE INDUSTRY.

IN pursuance of their pettifogging policy as to the tariff, the Democrats in Congress are now trying to punch holes in the sections relating to the tin-plate industry. They propose, by a bill under consideration in the House, to remove the duty, and expect thus to prevent the successful establishment of this industry in this country. At the same time they are, with strange inconsistency, insisting that it will be impossible for us ever to compete with Wales in the production of tin plate. The only comment which it is necessary to make upon this statement is found in the fact that a Wales tin-plate concern is now preparing to remove twenty of its mills to Indiana, while other large manufacturers have already established plants in Pennsylvania, and still other capitalists contemplate doing the same at Elizabethport, New Jersey. It is expected that the Pennsylvania mills will be in operation within the next six weeks. They will have an output of one hundred and fifty tons weekly. The simple truth is that since

the McKinley bill went into effect a paralysis has settled upon the tin-plate industry in Wales. A correspondent of this paper, who is now engaged in making investigations at Swansea and elsewhere, writes us that a wholesale movement toward this country seems to be probable. The solicitude manifested by the Democratic Congressmen in behalf of these foreign manufacturers as against their own country will not surprise any one who has observed the tendency of that party to favor alien at the expense of domestic industry.

HONORS FOR BISMARCK.

The honors bestowed upon Prince Bismarck during his recent journey to attend the wedding of his son at Vienna were of the most remarkable character. It is doubtful whether a more extraordinary series of demonstrations have been in recent times accorded to any other continental statesman. At every point of importance on his route he was greeted by the populace with the utmost enthusiasm. At Vienna he was welcomed by a concourse so great that for a time the streets were completely blocked, and it was finally found necessary for the police to use their sabres in dispersing the multitude which had assembled to do him honor. His welcome by the students was especially hearty, and the wave of enthusiasm which swept over the city is not inaptly described by one writer as a "whirlwind." He was escorted to the palace which had been assigned him by an immense procession, the students singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" with sturdy persistence all the way (some eight miles), and it is no wonder that the Prince was profoundly affected as he listened to the inspiring hymn.

At Dresden his reception was hardly less remarkable. At the railway station he was welcomed by the municipal authorities as he passed under a great triumphal arch, and in the evening ten thousand members of Dresden societies, led by a corps of students in full regalia, bearing torches and banners, and shouting the name of the illustrious visitor, passed before his hotel.

These demonstrations are full of significance, and we are not surprised to hear that they have caused a great deal of irritation in Berlin, where the newspapers, influenced by the Emperor, have indulged in expressions of anger and reproach. It is understood that the imperial authorities sent special orders to the German embassy in Vienna that no honors should be paid to the visiting Prince; but it is quite possible that, in view of the great popular ovation paid him, he did not miss the attentions of the court officials. Prince Bismarck maintains his sturdy defiance of the Emperor, and has recently rejected with haughty contempt a suggestion looking to a reconciliation. While Prince Bismarck made some serious mistakes, and was a good deal of a despot while in power, there can be no doubt that Germany owes to him its present unity, and that he still holds the confidence and regard of the great body of the German people.

THE ULSTER CONVENTION.

A WRITER on "Ulster and Home Rule," in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, said, "The existence of the two Irelands—the Ireland of the Protestant Teuton and the Ireland of the Catholic Celt—the Ireland of idle thriftlessness and the Ireland of industry and enterprise—the Ireland of dreams and sentiment and the Ireland of seriousness and common sense—forbids the dissolution of the Union." But he went on to declare that "the most religious, the most serious-minded, the most earnest, and the least political people in the North are quietly deciding that they will take the awful responsibility of resisting the law—a responsibility which may cost them their lives and their worldly goods, and may give over their homes to anarchy and destruction."

This was serious talk, but Lord Salisbury himself, in language strangely unguarded for a prime minister, had recently said substantially the same thing as to the effect of enforcing the home rule scheme on the Protestant population of Ulster, and he had gone almost so far as to declare that such a result would be justified. That is to say, the great measure to which Mr. Gladstone has devoted the rest of his life, and on which he expects soon to come into power, will provoke and justify revolution.

Of course the Gladstonians replied that this was all bluff, and that the agitation in Ulster was fomented from London as a matter of party tactics.

To us on this side of the ocean, recalling our Revolution and remembering our Civil War, these are dangerous weapons to use in a mere strife for political power. It is playing the game of politics with fire, and Ireland is not a safe place for such diversions—especially when we take into account the fact that the explosive element of religion is so largely involved. In view of the circumstances of the Ulster convention held on the 17th of June, both parties may find themselves compelled to unite in quenching the flames they have raised. A body of ten thousand delegates, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, assembled in Belfast to declare that they will never submit to the rule of an Irish Parliament. They began with prayer by the Primate of all Ireland, and opened their proceedings with an appeal to God as their refuge and strength. They displayed a temper, and used language, ominously like those

of our forefathers in Faneuil Hall in 1774, when our Revolution was so closely impending. And they denounced the proposed legislation for Ireland as an attack upon their lives, property and civil rights, and declared that they will never submit to it, in terms quite as emphatic as those of our Declaration of Independence. While professing their loyalty to their government, they counseled passive resistance as stoutly as our ancestors did when they were throwing the English tea cargoes into Boston harbor.

Indeed, they seem to have had our Revolution clearly in mind, for they spread broadcast through the convention a pamphlet written by a delegate, following all the parallels between the possible situation in Ulster and America in 1774. The Provincial Congress in Massachusetts then protested their attachment to Great Britain, their loyalty to the king, and their love of peace and order—but declared that they would never submit to the laws which were designed to harass and enslave them.

This language was more temperate than that of the Ulster convention, but within a few months came Lexington and Concord, and then followed successful revolution. But, striking as the parallels of this incendiary pamphlet were, the history will not repeat itself. Ireland is not a distant colony, but a small island in the close grasp of a powerful State, and there is no George III. on the throne. There may be bloodshed and bitter sectional and religious strife, but there is no room for successful revolution.

This serious demonstration may, however, tend to one of two results—it may create alarm enough to continue Lord Salisbury's government in power; or, if Gladstone shall secure a majority, it may convince him that he can never pacify Ireland by home rule so long as Ulster shows such a temper, and it may lead him to temporize or take some middle ground to avoid a dire catastrophe.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

In view of the result of the Minneapolis convention it is perhaps safe to conclude that the owner of the *Albany Journal* will not be Secretary of the Treasury. There is no telling, however, what eminence he may reach if he devotes all his great energies to secure the success of the national ticket.

The handsomest portrait of President Harrison which has anywhere appeared was recently published in *Judge*. It has attracted wide attention, and will no doubt be in great demand from campaign committees during the coming canvass. Its title, "One Good Term Deserves Another," may be expected to become the slogan of the campaign.

The great English coal strike in Durham, which was initiated as a protest against a proposed reduction of wages which the condition of the market seemed to make necessary, has resulted, as too many similar contests have done, in utter failure. Of course the strike has caused great suffering to workingmen and an enormous loss to capitalists. One serious effect of it is found in the fact that the cost of producing iron in England has been much increased. Great as the mischief of the strike undoubtedly is, the results would have been much more serious but for the timely intervention of the Bishop of Durham, to whose efforts the adjustment is chiefly due.

An important bill to regulate the education and citizenship of Indians has recently passed the House of Representatives. It provides that when Indian children, male or female, reach the age of twenty-one years, they shall be citizens of the United States, with all the privileges and rights of other citizens; and, if they have received as much as ten years' industrial training at the expense of the government, in whole or in part, they shall thereafter cease to receive governmental aid or support. The object of the bill is to fix a time and mode of finally closing out the vexed Indian question, and if the bill shall become a law it would seem that that result might be reached easily and naturally.

The official returns of the recent election in Oregon show that the Republican victory was more complete than at first announced. The majority for Congressmen reached some nine thousand, which is about sixteen hundred greater than the majority returned in June four years ago. The significance of the victory becomes the more obvious when it is remembered that the labor party had a ticket in the field which polled about ten thousand votes. The Democracy built large expectations upon this third-party movement, believing that it would seriously affect the Republican vote. They also anticipated gains from an alleged popular opposition to the McKinley bill. The result shows that their expectations were in both particulars delusive.

All the indications go to show that the European countries will be well represented at the Columbian Exposition. The Russian government is taking active steps to secure an unusually fine exhibit, and it is said that already four hundred and fifty intending exhibitors have applied for space. From Italy we hear that interest in the exposition is constantly growing, and that the demand for space is

far in excess of what is likely to be granted. Italian artists, especially, seem to be eager to make a worthy exhibit in the fine arts department. In Great Britain, notwithstanding there is some opposition from the free-trade press, efforts are making to secure an adequate representation of British products in the exposition. Unless present indications are deceptive, this exposition will be more really a representative of the skill and art and genius of the world at large than any which has ever been had.

The sympathy of the entire country has gone out to Mr. Blaine in the great bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his son. When it is remembered that this is the third time within two years that the domestic circle has been invaded by death, and that the present affliction came with terrible unexpectedness, we can in a sense realize with what crushing force the blow must have fallen. Mr. Emmons Blaine was a young man of fine intellectual qualities and of forceful character, and his parents looked to his future with much confidence and hope. He had become, since the death of his elder brother, the confidant and to some extent the adviser of his father. There are griefs which no amount of sympathy can assuage, and bereavements in the presence of which words count for nothing at all; but there may come a day when the recollection of a nation's sympathy will sweeten even this cup that now seems bitter as death.

The Republican party desires the support of every man who is concerned for the maintenance of good government and the prosperity of the country. It has presented a ticket which represents the whole body of Republican doctrine. It believes that this ticket is worthy the support of Republicans everywhere. But it does not propose to cringe and crouch and sue for the support of any man, or set of men. If there are Republicans who have so mean an estimate of their duty as citizens and of the desirableness of Republican success as to place their personal resentments or disappointments before and above their duty to the country, they must do so. The Republican party has never yet lowered its standard at the command of faction, and it will not do it in this campaign. But it will win along the lines of conviction and principle, as it has won in other campaigns when personal animosities have warped the judgment and impaired the fidelity of some of its supporters.

The people of Chattanooga recently indicated their respect for law and order by rescuing from an infuriated mob a negro guilty of a criminal assault, protecting him while on the way to trial, and then safely conducting him to jail after his conviction. This action was the result of a public meeting of citizens at which resolutions were adopted protesting against mob law, and pledging the authorities the support of all law-abiding citizens. During the session of the court at which the offender was tried one hundred of the leading citizens acted as a *posse comitatus*, and the escort to the penitentiary after the sentence consisted of thirty men armed for his defense. This action of the people of Chattanooga shames the pusillanimous course of the people of Port Jervis, who have deliberately acquiesced in the hanging of a negro, on the ground that the perpetrators of the outrage were unknown. In this latter case Governor Flower or the attorney-general of the State ought to take instant action, to the end that the honor of the commonwealth may not suffer from the contrast of our conduct with that of Tennessee.

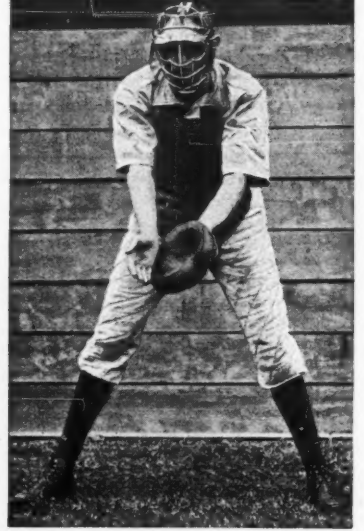
The split in the Democratic party of Alabama seems to justify the confidence that the negro voters will this year be permitted to exercise their legal rights at the polls. The bolting candidate, Mr. Reuben F. Kolb, is backed by the Farmers' Alliance wing of the Democracy, and is in every respect, except in his opposition to the party bosses, a typical Democrat. Realizing, however, the importance of securing the negro vote, his convention inserted in its platform a plank pledging protection to the colored race in all its rights, and it is probable that, so far as the present canvass may be concerned, an effort will be made to carry out this promise. This action of the bolters will of course compel the regulars to make a similar pledge, and as a consequence the black vote may be expected to be divided between these two Democratic factions. This was the case recently in Louisiana under somewhat similar circumstances, and the negroes deposited their ballots without molestation, and without any of those disastrous consequences which some Southern Democrats are constantly predicting as the result of negro suffrage. Of course there is little probability that the Kolb faction will be able to overcome the regular Democratic ticket, the supporters of which have all the election machinery in their hands, but the contest will at least result advantageously in the fact that it will open the door for the discussion of public questions. What Alabama and other States especially need is practical freedom of speech as to political subjects, and any contest which tends to remove existing restrictions, compelling the oligarchy now in control to meet face to face the advocates of new and progressive ideas, is to be welcomed as a real benefaction.



PITCHER BOWERS.



CAPTAIN JOSH HARTWELL SAYS "THREE-TIMES-THREE FOR YALE."



CATCHER CARTER.



EX-CHAMPION RUNNER HARMER TALKS BALL.



THE YALE TEAM.



"ROOTERS" FROM PRINCETON.

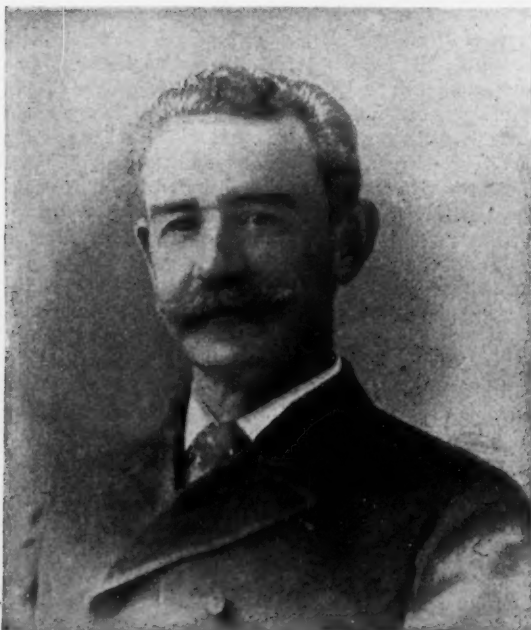


INTERESTED SPECTATORS—SOME OF THE NEW HAVEN "400."



DEAD HEADS.

SCENES ON THE YALE COLLEGE BASE-BALL FIELD AT NEW HAVEN.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



M. F. DWYER.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



ROCKLEDGE, A PLUNGER'S FLORIDA HOME.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

FOXHALL KEENE.

MR. FOXHALL KEENE, a portrait of whom is printed in this paper, is the only son of Mr. James R. Keene, the speculator, who, after making a handsome fortune in mining stocks in San Francisco, came to New York some fifteen years ago to operate in the larger field afforded in Wall Street. He astonished many men there by his boldness and rapidity in changing front, and in five or six years he was many times a millionaire. But his fortunes changed some eight years ago, and he was obliged to suspend payment. He had, however, provided during his solvency for his wife and family, and they were rich, even when he had lost his all. The son Foxhall had not then become a man. Before the son reached his majority the elder Keene had again become rich, and young Foxhall, the apple of the father's eye, was afforded means to gratify all of his tastes, which were decidedly sportsmanlike. He took to athletics, hunting, polo, and race-riding, and it was not long after the youth appeared as an amateur rider of races on the flat and across country, that he was looked upon as by long odds the ablest gentleman-jockey we had ever seen in this country. There were few, if any, professionals who could give him a pound of weight and at the same time a beating. He was a judge of pace, a daring starter and pilot, and at a finish could hustle his mount along as though he was actually lifting him over the ground. Not only was he great on the race-track, but at polo he could cover more ground and wield his mallet with more dexterity than any one to be seen at Newport. And on the tennis court, too, he has proved him-



MEN OF THE DAY—IV. FOXHALL KEENE.

self most formidable. He is also one of the very best amateur billiard-players in America. There appears to be no kind of athletic sport in which this young man does not succeed.

When his father had a racing stable he named his best horse after this only son. When Foxhall was sent to England and France ten years or so ago he had a most marvelous success, and was counted the best horse in Europe. He comes back to this country as the property of young Mr. Keene, and will be at the head of the stud on Mr. Keene's Kentucky breeding farm. A year ago Foxhall Keene started a racing stable of his own by buying Tournament at the late Senator Hearst's sale at an enormous price. This colt was a disappointment, and never won a race in his new colors. His failure in the recent Suburban race was most signal. He ran well for seven furlongs, but the pace of Major Domo was too hot for him, and when half round the upper turn, he fell back beaten. Tournament is a very unsatisfactory horse for training, as he is liable, just as he gets apparently in good condition, to be attacked by rheumatism. Other horses of the string Mr. Keene had collected were more lucky than Tournament, and it is likely that even in the first year his stable paid its way. But whatever may be his fortunes on the turf, his future will be watched with interest. He was some months ago in England and Ireland riding after the hounds in Melton Mowbray, and County Meath. In the latter place, in January, he had a bad fall and was reported dead, but he only had a severe shaking up, and in a few weeks was again in the saddle. He is now "as good as new." Mr. Keene has always attached to himself the warmest kind of friends.

COMMODORE RICHARD W. MEADE, UNITED STATES NAVY.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

MISS CURRIE DUKE, THE KENTUCKY VIRTUOSO.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

A BIT OF WESTERN "REALISM."

By CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

A BOOK-AGENT had just left us. He had "worked" the men in the mill, and, coming out by a side door, had espied us sitting there on a pile of new lumber gazing listlessly into the limpid bosom of the Willamette, and instantly had marked us for his own. There had been no escaping him without a sacrifice of dignity, so we had sat still and pretended to listen while he spoke his piece and displayed his sample volumes. He had descanted volubly on the varied excellences of the authors he "handled," and discoursed glibly of the relative merits of romance and realism. At last, when he had folded his tongue and silently stolen away, and we had resumed our contemplation of the bobbing logs in the boom, my companion spoke:

"Realism," he murmured, musingly. "It is a much-used word of late years, but I am a little shady as to its exact meaning, in a literary sense."

My thoughts flew at once to our common refuge—Webster.

"Fidelity to nature and to real life; representation without idealization; strict adherence to facts, without appeal to the imagination."

"Ah, yes," he answered; "but the puzzle to me is, how to draw the line between realism and romance—where does the one end and the other begin? Does a strict adherence to facts constitute realism when the facts are stranger than any fiction?"

"There are no such facts," I asserted. "When we speak of a fact being stranger than fiction we allude to something not quite comprehensible to us—something which, if it could be analyzed, would prove to consist of one part fact to many parts fancy."

"You think so?" he questioned, thoughtfully. "Then let me tell you a little story, a true story, a bit of very real realism, as regarded from my standpoint."

The shade of sad retrospection was on his face as he slowly lifted his broad-brimmed hat and brushed the gray-tinged hair back from his temples.

"Thirteen years ago this month," he said, "I went to Denver, Colorado, and found employment as shipping-clerk with a big firm of cattle dealers. The position suited me, as the salary was good and the 'Queen City of the Plains' was not a bad place in which to live. I had been there but a short time when I made the acquaintance of a young lady, Annie Forrest, and—well, I loved that girl, that's all. Or, rather, it isn't all."

"For a long time I seemed to have a clear field, and I went in to win. She was a girl to command admiration, and there were a good many young fellows who envied me. But she was no flirt; honest as daylight, and when I saw that I was allowed to approach a little nearer than the others, was it strange that my hopes struck root and grew? I have always believed that I should have won the dear little thing for my own had not a better man than I appeared upon the scene. His name was Scott—Joe Scott. By the way, have you ever noticed that Scott is a potent sort of name, a mascot, to carry the man who bears it through thick and thin to success?"

"In three months Joe Scott had won what I had worked and prayed for through three long years. True, he was a better man than I, but the girl had no way to find that out in so short a time. It just seemed as if her heart went out to him from the first moment they met. For inexplicable mystery commend me to a woman's heart."

"Well, it goes without saying that I was terribly cut up. I'll never forget the moment the truth flashed upon me that I was no longer first with Annie. It was at a party, one night. I claimed her for a dance just as Scott approached for the same purpose. I was a moment in advance of him, and she danced with me; but the look she gave him as she laid her little hand on my arm told the whole story. I would have died for such a look from her eyes, but I never received one. A few months later she was Scott's wife, and I was striving with might and main to feel as I ought about it—not to hate him, and not to love her."

"But I did not succeed very well in either branch of the undertaking. He worked for the same firm that I did, and we necessarily saw a good deal of each other. I was compelled, as time went by, to admit to myself that he was a first-rate fellow—good as gold; and I knew that, had not Annie stood between us, I should have liked him. He was always cordial in his manner with me, and soon I conceived the notion that he suspected my state of feeling and pitied

me. That thought stung me; my pride took arms, and henceforth I met his advances half-way. I even went to his home, sat by his fire-side, held his baby on my knee, and was properly flattered when he made it my namesake. And, through all, I—loved his wife!

"In the very nature of things such a state of affairs could not have gone on forever; the torture for me was too intense. But God knows I had no premonition of how it would end."

"Joe's position with the firm was that of a sort of confidential clerk. They owned an immense stock ranch away out in the wilds, about sixty miles from Denver, where they kept a force of from twenty to thirty men employed all the time. These men were paid quarterly, their salaries averaging from forty to sixty dollars a month, so that every three months quite a large sum of money was sent across country, by special messenger, to the ranch. Joe had been with the company about two years when they began intrusting this mission to him. At first he naturally felt flattered by this evidence of their confidence in him, and not until he had made his first trip to the ranch did he realize the grave responsibility and peril of the undertaking."

"I don't like the job, Ned," he said to me. "After leaving the main road I have about thirty miles of as wild and villainous-looking country to travel over as there is in the world. It would be risky enough with empty pockets, and with two or three thousand dollars—! Well, I'm going to get out of it if I can; but I don't know that I can, so not a word about it in Annie's presence. She begged me from the first not to undertake it, and one incautious word now would set her wild."

"I never knew whether he asked to be excused from the unpleasant task or not—I only know that when the three months rolled around again he went to the ranch, and returned in safety. After that he went again and again."

"I suppose I'm in for it," he said to me; "but, somehow, Ned, I don't half like it. If anything should happen to me I trust you to be a friend to Annie, old boy."

"To myself I said, 'Good God! a friend to Annie!'"

"After that I don't think the subject was ever again broached between Joe and me. One morning, about six months later, as I entered the company's office, I met Annie coming out. A glance at her face was enough to tell me that something was wrong—and terribly wrong, too. My thoughts flew at once to Joe. I knew he had started for the ranch four days previously, and should have returned on the preceding day."

"Why, Annie, what is it?" I asked.

"She clutched my arm. I thought she was going to faint, but she did not."

"Joe!—he has not come back!" she gasped.

"What does Mr. Bright say?" I asked, after a moment's thought, alluding to the head of the firm, whom she had just left.

"He is going to send you to look for Joe?" she answered. "Oh, Ned, find him, find him!"

"At that point I was summoned to the office, where the situation was explained to me, and I was commissioned to go in search of Joe Scott. I suggested that his horse might have fallen lame, or some equally slight mishap might have caused the delay. But Mr. Bright shook his head."

"There is one circumstance that makes the matter look dark," he said; and then he explained to me that it had been Joe's invariable custom, after reaching the ranch and delivering the money to the superintendent, to start at once for Lone Butte, a point at which there was a telegraph station, about sixteen miles northwest of the ranch, whence he would send a dispatch to the firm that all was right, then remain all night at the station and start home the next day. This time no dispatch had come—hence there was grave reason to fear he had not reached his destination. Mr. Bright's instructions to me were:

"As soon as you reach the ranch change horses and start immediately for Lone Butte; wire us from there, then remain at the station till you hear from us."

"I stole a minute before starting, to run around to the house and say good-bye to Annie."

"Oh, Ned," she said, "they have killed Joe! I feel it here!" laying her hand over her heart. "And now, if they kill you, too, there'll be nobody left me!"

"A mad thrill ran through me at the words. Fool that I was, to give them an interpretation never dreamed of by her."

"I need only say that I found the last thirty

miles of my journey all that Joe had described it, as to wildness and loneliness. The trail, which was my only guide, was apparently but little used, and was so dim in places that it was difficult to follow. Several times I lost it in crossing stony gullies or rugged ridges, and the time consumed in finding it again delayed me considerably. It was late in the afternoon of the second day when I reached the ranch. I was met by the superintendent, whom I had seen a few times in town. His greeting was:

"Hello, Elwood! You've come instead of Scott, I suppose? He was due on Tuesday, and we've been a little uneasy about him."

"Isn't Scott here? Hasn't he been here?" I demanded, excitedly, only to be informed that Scott had not been near the ranch for three months. I spent probably ten minutes discussing the situation with the superintendent, and then, changing horses, I remounted and set off for the station. The men were out on a round-up, but the superintendent said some of them would come in at dark, and if I cared to wait I could take a man with me. But the season was late autumn, and the short afternoon was already drawing to a close. The distance was sixteen miles, the trail probably as dim and uncertain as the one over which I had come; so I thought I had better be pushing on before dark."

"But I tell you, when I had left the ranch a few miles behind and couldn't stop thinking about Scott and his probable fate, I began to feel pretty queer. To make matters worse, the sky became overcast with clouds, the wind arose, and by the time I had made half the distance to the station darkness settled down about me. The trail, so hard to follow in daylight, was simply indiscernible now. Had I trusted to the instinct of my horse, I might have come out all right; but I soon got the notion that he had lost the trail, and with a good deal of pulling and urging I finally succeeded in forcing the poor beast to turn aside and go as I wished. But he moved with evident unwillingness, and kept his ears pointed forward, as if in much uncertainty as to what lay before him."

"Meantime, the sky grew blacker and the wind moaned ever more dismally down the gullies. After wandering at random for a long time, straining my eyes, my nerves, my muscles, and my entire being in a ceaseless effort to find the trail, my horse suddenly halted and reared back on the verge of a dark ravine with precipitous sides. I was then convinced that I was off the trail, and how far away, or in what direction it lay, I had not the remotest idea. I was left with no alternative but to remain where I was until morning. I dismounted, removed the saddle and bridle from my horse and fastened him to a sapling with about forty feet of picket rope. He at once began grazing, and I, with the saddle for a pillow and the blanket for covering, lay down beneath a clump of bushes and prepared to pass the hours of darkness as best I could."

"But the utter wildness and isolation of the spot, together with the peculiar circumstances that had brought me there, produced anything but a soporific effect upon my brain and nerves. I lay wide-eyed, staring up into the black, drifting clouds, and thinking, thinking incessantly, of Scott."

"Was he living, or dead? Had he, as the superintendent of the ranch had just suggested, 'lit out' with the two thousand dollars, or was he lying, murdered and robbed, in some of the gullies that lined the lonely trail? Knowing the man as I did, I scouted the former suggestion, even while I shrank from the thought of the latter. I pictured Annie's suspense while she waited for my dispatch, and the horror of uncertainty that would lay hold of her when the dispatch should tell her the much and the little that I knew. But through all these reflections ran a thread of something else—something that I tried, with a sting of self-reproach, to shut out of my consciousness, but could not. It seemed as if Satan himself were at my side, reminding me of Annie's parting words, and whispering that, if Joe were gone, Annie would turn to me!"

"That thought, I believe, was the last in my mind before I fell asleep, and it was the golden chain that ran through my otherwise frightful dreams. My sleep was one long struggle with desperadoes, interspersed with glimpses of Joe, sometimes dead, sometimes alive and looking at me with sad, reproachful eyes, as if reading my thoughts of Annie. Finally, in the changes of my dream, I was standing again in Joe's little parlor, Annie's hand was on my arm, and her tender voice was saying: 'I have only you now, Ned.' I felt the thrill of the old sweet love, as I opened my arms to clasp her. But just there my dream and my sleep were broken in the same instant. I started erect, with the consciousness that a voice had awakened me—Joe's

voice, it seemed to me, loud and imperative, calling my name. So real was the impression, so close at hand the voice, that I sprang from beneath the bushes and shouted back:

"Yes, Joe! here I am! Where are you?"

"There was no response, save an uneasy snort from my horse, and the southing of the now dying wind. The clouds had parted in the west, and through the rift a new moon was sending down its feeble shaft of light. Rocks and bushes were dimly discernible around me, and I could make out faintly the outline of my horse, standing with head uplifted and sniffling nostrils. What was it that had awakened me? What was it that had startled the animal?"

"A curious, creeping sensation of fear kept me from again calling out; instead I felt an overwhelming impulse to get away from the spot. Again the horse gave a snort of fear and reared back on his haunches as if straining at his lariat. Should the rope part, he would dash away and leave me stranded there in the wilds!"

"I groped my way to the clump of bushes where I had fastened the lariat, untied it, and began coiling it as I moved slowly toward the horse. But the excited animal suddenly reared backward again, and, taking me unawares, the rope tightened in a twist about my hand and I was jerked violently forward. I fell with arms extended, and an indescribable thrill of horror ran through me when I found myself lying, at right angles, across the body of a man."

"I recoiled and sprang up, but could not tear my eyes from the awful thing at my feet. The head was thrown back, the ghastly face was turned upward to the moon's dim light, and—it was the face of poor Joe Scott!"

"Now, there is no use for you to think that you can realize what my sensations were at that moment. No mortal can do that unless he has been through a like ordeal, and few ever have, I think. My scalp seemed to tighten about my brain like a band of cold iron, and I had a curious sensation, as if my mind were slipping away from me, leaving my benumbed body in that accursed spot. I have sometimes wondered, since, if that isn't the way a man feels when he is going mad?"

"I have never been able to recall how I reached and mounted my horse; but I have an indistinct recollection of his dashing away with me at a wild gallop; of my lashing and spurring him recklessly, senselessly; and I shudder, even now, to think of that break-neck ride, without saddle or bridle, over a trackless waste, at dead of night; without no definite destination in view, no aim but just to put miles on miles of distance between myself and—that!"

"It might have been hours, it might have been days, or weeks, so far as my consciousness of time went, when I came to myself enough to realize that it was daylight, and that my horse was standing still, with his head over the big ranch gate, whinnying for admittance. Men gathered around me, and I told my tale as coherently as I could. Amid great excitement a posse of armed cowboys made ready and set out with me to seek the spot at which I had so strangely found all that remained of poor Joe Scott."

"We found him, but only after a two-days' search; for I had but a vague idea as to where I had first lost the trail, or how far I had wandered before stopping for the night; hence, I was a poor guide. But we found him at last, more than a mile from the trail, lying just as I had left him. There was a bullet in his heart and another in his head. The money, his watch, and everything he had worn of any value, were gone."

"Now, that is my story. It is true in every detail, as I can prove to you by twenty living men in Denver to-day; and I have told it in language as plain and simple as I have at command. Make of it what you choose—romance or realism. The mystery of the body being where it was—midway between the ranch and the station, when he had not been to the ranch at all; the fact of my having forced my horse to leave the trail, and, after stumbling around in bewilderment for an hour or more, among rocks, ridges and ravines, having finally hit upon that particular spot for my bivouac; those are the facts that I regard as stranger than fiction."

"And the voice that awakened you calling your name," I suggested, "isn't that one of the queer facts, too?"

He smiled slightly.

"Well, the fact is," he said, "I've always thought that it must have been my horse I heard, snorting over the uncanny discovery he had made. Of course I must have dreamed or imagined that my name was called. In that mystic border-land between sleeping and waking we are not always accountable for what we hear or see."

"Did you—marry Annie?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because she wouldn't have me; she is Scott's widow still. Such men hold their own, you see, even in death."

AN AMERICAN GIRL (OF THE OLDEN DAY).

SHE took the Quaker town by storm. Her eyes, her tiny feet, her form, Were perfect (so the gallants said), And those poor officers she led A sorry life twelve months at least. She was the belle of fête and feast, The envied of all other girls. Before her shrine knelt dukes and earls And countless lords, and I've heard tell (It may be true) a prince as well. While she, Queen Anne they called her then, Smiled at the homage of the men And smiled as sweetly on them all. (Made one subaltern at a ball So happy that he lost his way In going home, and found next day He'd walked into the Yankee lines.) So fair was she my pen declines To do full justice to her grace, And brave of heart as fair of face. (Ah, those were fine old stirring days!) And hearken, no slight part she plays In history, if truth were told. One letter, worth its weight in gold, She sent to Washington, who said (In confidence) that he who wed Her had to be as brave a man As ever lived. "None other can," Quoth Washington, "I'll see to that." I don't know what the fates were at, But suddenly we heard, one day, She had eloped with Matthew Gray (An honest, well-bred man was he, But poor as any one could be). And when she came to town again, Queen Anne, alas, had ceased to reign. The dignitaries all had fled And Washington was there instead. She might have been "her ladyship," But, no, she let her chances slip And led a simple, homely life, Best known as "Matthew Gray's wife."

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

To be *comme il faut* in these days, a woman must boast of as many petticoats as Beau Brummel did of waistcoats. Yet four really good petticoats ought to see one comfortably through the year. One may be of black brocade with colored flower sprays; another, for evening wear, in white with lace flounces, and a couple



WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.

of pretty foulards for summer time. The yellow pongee is particularly desirable for petticoats; it is cheap, durable and cool, and looks extremely well after being washed. A deep flounce of écaru lace makes a pretty finish for the hem, or a couple of gathered ruffles of the pongee are quite satisfactory. A petticoat of the most

elaborate sort is made of shot moire striped with lines of color, gored in the seams, and edged with a flounce of plain silk of the same tint as one of the stripes and festooned with a frill of black lace caught with rosettes of gay ribbon. The wise-heads say that white cambric petticoats will soon again resume their former supremacy in preference to silk ones. Silk is far prettier, however, and not more expensive either, for the white ones are so befriended with lace and embroidery as to cost no little sum, besides the expense of the laundry.

Following the petticoats, sleeves are engrossing considerable attention, and are made in the most striking contrast with the gown itself. A new pair of sleeves in velvet and a sash to match will bring up to date a last season's gown in the most satisfactory manner. Some beautiful effects may be obtained in this wise, and a plain white satin with sleeves, folds, and sash of daffodil velvet is extremely charming, while pale green and mauve velvet is lovely, and pale pink looks equally well with *ciel* blue or apple-green.

Some of the newest festive costumes from Paris are rendered very summer-like with a quantity of white ribbons in satin, moire or gros-grain, and, in fact, white trimmings are favored in every possible way—for waistcoats, facings, revers, collars, and the like. White leather is novel but expensive, and becomes still more so when embroidered. For many pretty country dresses of cloth, flannel or serge, white flannel is extensively used as a trimming, laid on in bias folds, either piped, plain, or edged with gimp, or perhaps embroidered.

A graceful summer costume is suggested by the picture this week, which illustrates changeable mordoré silk, with trimmings of velvet and Irish lace. There are but few of the changeable silks, however, which look well made up into entire costumes; as a rule they are too suggestive of linings, but some of the lighter tones are really lovely when made up artistically.

There is a strong individuality about much of the millinery this season, and it strikes a happy medium between the fantastic and the conventional. An imported fancy is made of Swiss grass in all colors, and simply trimmed with a wide bow of gauze ribbon. Another one in this grass is in the faintest shades of cream and green, lined and trimmed with soft silk in the palest shade of pink, this combination of colors being thoroughly artistic. A charming little bonnet which could be made of any color is entirely formed of a deep frill of accordion-pleated lisse edged with ostrich-feather trimming. A little erect, pleated frill of the lisse stands up in the centre of the crown, with a jet buckle at the base, and beneath is a bandeau of jet, arranged to rest becomingly on the hair. Another bonnet, also quite effective, is made of a jet spotted net drawn in puffs through two bands of fine guipure embroidery, blue and pink and mauve, interspersed with colored pearls, and this is further trimmed at the back with a bunch of black ostrich tips. A new shape of sailor, which costs six dollars, is made of a plaid straw with pink and cream and green and white interwoven together, and this is simply trimmed with a band of black satin ribbon. A little close hat of bright brown straw is trimmed with pink *crêpe de chine*, drawn into rosettes at one side, with brown quills thrust through them.

An elaborate imported mantle is worthy of mention. It has a yoke-piece back and front, made of black velvet beautifully embroidered in jet. From this in the front, falling to the hem, hang full folds of black net edged with an embroidery in silk appliqué, while at the back the net is considerably shorter, and is gathered into the waist under a belt of jet, which disappears at the side seams and fastens invisibly under the front. The sleeves have huge puffs of the velvet, jetted, and below these fall deep graduated frills of the net, extremely long at the outside of the arms.

ELLA STARR.

A PLUNGER'S FLORIDA HOME.

THE man that gives way to his feelings is but seldom found on the rack. The real sufferers on this earth are those who have the will power to conceal the emotions of pleasure and pain, grief and gladness, that stir within them. It is the struggle against the outward show of internal commotions that brings the crow's-feet to a man's eyes and makes him old before his time. The Stoic was not a creature without passions; it was simply his philosophy to suppress them.

The only Stoic of my acquaintance is Michael F. Dwyer, and it is his stoicism that he must thank for the serious illness that overtook him two years ago and drove him to seek health on the western shore of beautiful Indian River. When the Dwyer brothers were at the height of their fame as turfmen, Michael, the younger, stood in

the background. Philip, the heavy man of the firm, played all the leading parts. He directed the affairs of the stable, and was the biggest better on the American race tracks. But time brought changes. Philip's investments in the ring dwindled year after year till he came to regard five hundred dollars as a plunge bet. He had grown rich, was getting on in years, and willingly withdrew from the uncertainty and excitement of great wagers.

Michael, on the other hand, traveled in the opposite direction and was soon occupying his brother's shoes. His transactions with the ring became the talk of the turf, and it was not long before he was acknowledged to be the boldest of American plungers. The newspapers credited him with winning each season anywhere from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000. If a horse went down in the odds it was "Mike Dwyer's money." If a favorite receded—"Mike Dwyer is backing something else." If the ring underwent great excitement—"Mike Dwyer has just sent in a commission of \$20,000 on the favorite." If a favorite won—"Mike Dwyer beat the ring out of \$40,000 on that." The entire racing public seemed to have an eye on Mr. Dwyer's money, and to follow it was a worthy ambition. He never went near the ring, but from a seat in the judges' stand, the timers' stand, or a secluded corner of the grand-stand, his orders were sent forth—\$5,000 on Hanover, \$12,000 on Kingston, \$15,000 on Raceland, at the best obtainable odds. John Kelly, his former commissioner, gave way to "Circular Joe," who has grown rich and fat in the service. The sight of "Circular" moving across the lawn was the signal for a precipitate rush to the ring to see what "Dwyer was backing." Dwyer luck became a by-word. Dwyer money seldom went wrong.

Before his health failed the shrewdest observer could not tell whether Mr. Dwyer had won on a race or lost. He never betrayed himself. When he bet \$20,000 on Miss Woodford to win \$8,000 and saw the glorious queen of the turf come within a nose of losing the race not a muscle of his face moved, not a nerve quivered, not an eyelash trembled. But the terrible strain to which he was subjected day after day for years told on him at last. He became ill, and in the autumn of 1890 began to lose his self-control. His nerves refused to obey him, and the long-buried emotions would come to the surface in spite of all that he could do. Rest and recreation far from the excitement and worry of the betting-ring were recommended. He journeyed to Florida, found the Indian River and fell in love with its groves of orange and palmetto, its salubrious atmosphere, its coquina walks, its bananas, coconuts and pineapples, its rock ledges, its inlets, its deeps and its shallows, its fishes, its birds. It was delectable ground to him, and there the weary plunger decided to pitch his winter tent, remote from the strife of the turf, the thundering hoof-beats, and the madness of the excited multitude,—away from tips and hungry book-makers.

W. W. Astor built the Hotel Waldorf to drive his uncle into a new house up-town. Mr. Flagler built the magnificent Ponce de Leon to get his wife into society. H. B. Plaut built the mighty, incongruous Tampa Bay Hotel to keep the end of his railroad from falling into the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Dwyer bought the Hotel Indian River because he wanted a home in Florida where he could spend the winter and have his friends near him. No man in America but Mr. Dwyer could have had the luck to find so lovely a situation for a winter home. If Mr. Plaut's great monster at Tampa were on such a spot it might lose its incongruity and appear almost beautiful. All the charms of the semitropics are found at Rockledge in the richest profusion. From the coquina wall on the river's edge back to the orange grove behind the hotel the guest may stroll in winding avenues of palm and palmetto, or linger in shady gardens on carpets of deep-green grass, where fountains play, where bananas hang in great yellow bunches, and pineapples are all in a strut. The hotel, one hundred feet from the river, is a three-story frame structure with wide verandas and big, cool rooms. It can accommodate four hundred guests, and from January 18th till the first of April is filled with the cream of Florida travel. Mr. Dwyer gave \$100,000 for the house and its surroundings, and has expended almost as much more in improvements, which have made the place the equal of any on the peninsula. The orange grove, thirty acres of bearing trees, many of them the luscious navel or seedless variety, is wholly given over to the guests, who are invited to eat their fill every day. A warm sulphur spring boils up in the centre, and its health-giving properties are not the smallest attraction of the place. A young orange grove of thirty acres was set out last year, while, a few miles farther down the river, Mr. Dwyer has bought a pineapple farm,

the fresh, juicy product of which is seen on the table as long as the season lasts. A lake, a mile and a half from the hotel, is a never-failing reservoir from which an abundant fresh-water supply is drawn. From extensive gardens the table is provided with vegetables of every description.

In this delightful spot Mr. Dwyer is a busy and happy man. Six o'clock finds him up superintending the improvement of some portion of the grounds, or the construction of his private dwelling hard by in the thickest part of the palmetto grove. Under his own eye the dancing-pavilion over the water was built. His steam yacht, the *Silver King*, engages much of his attention, and his guests enjoy with him many an excursion up the river to Cocoa and Titusville, or down it to St. Lucie, the home of Senator Quay; Lake Worth, Jupiter Inlet, and Melbourne. The river is from one to six miles wide and about one hundred and twenty-five miles long. In all parts it is a shallow, tide-water stream in which a swimmer would find it difficult to drown. The heaviest boats draw but three feet, and even that is too much except in the channel, which is a crooked and narrow path. There is but little game to hunt in the surrounding country, but the fishing in the river and in the fresh-water lakes near by is the finest in the world. At Jupiter Inlet, Charlie, Mr. Dwyer's eldest boy, and a party of four friends caught 5,000 pounds of fish in three days. The hotel, which is conducted by J. M. Lee, is a profitable investment. Mr. Dwyer and his family, two interesting daughters and three sons, usually remain there from November 15th till the last of March. Mr. Dwyer's health is entirely restored, and the racing season of 1892 will find him as stoical as he was in the days of Miss Woodford.

VICTOR SMITH.

HON. ELIAS CARR.

THERE is only one candidate for Governor in North Carolina up to this time, and there is hardly any likelihood of there being any other this year. The Democrats have nominated Hon. Elias Carr, formerly president of the North Carolina Farmers' Alliance, and one of the originators of the organization in that State. His nomination is a victory for the conservative element in the Alliance of the State and came entirely unsought and unexpected.

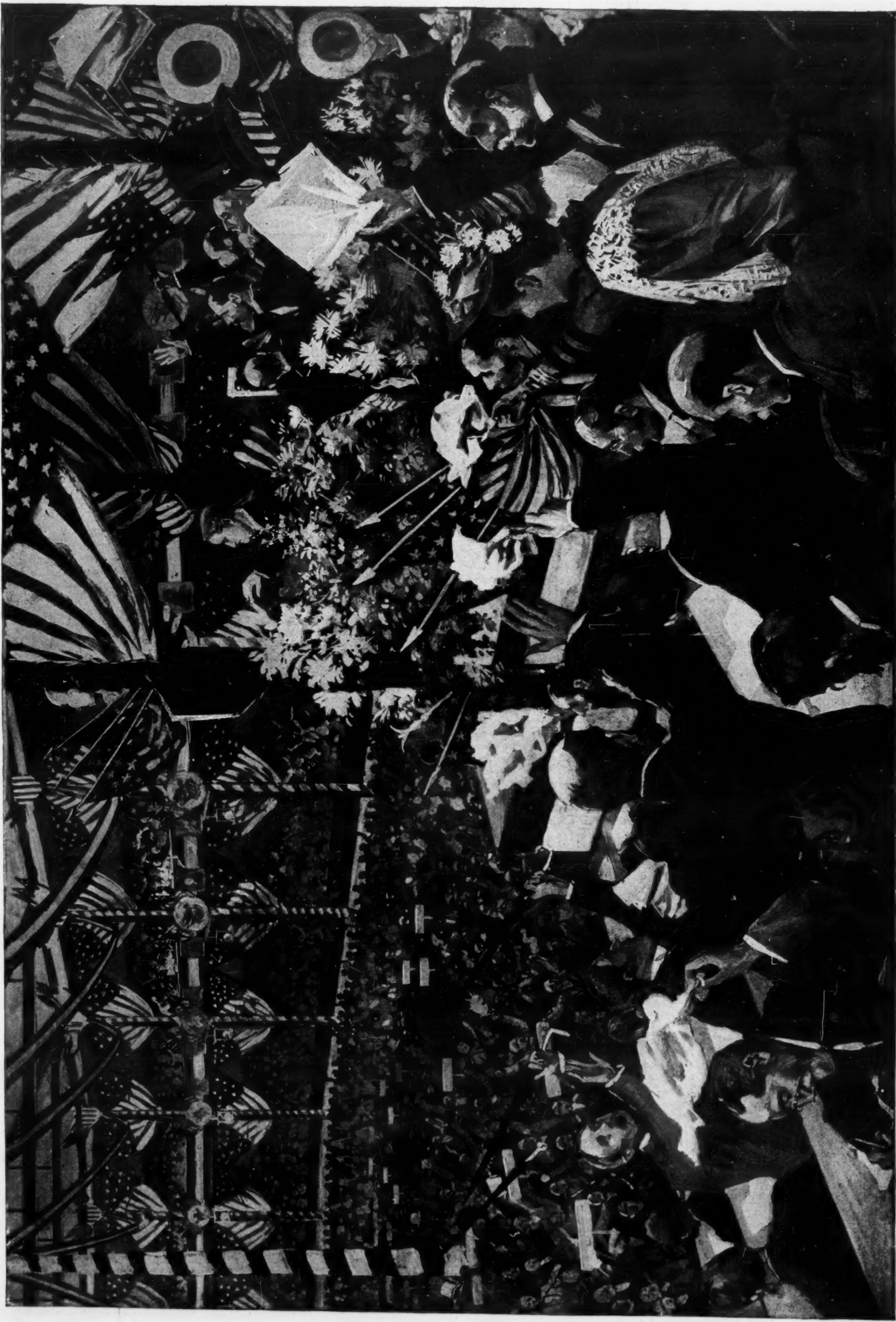
Mr. Carr, who is fifty-three years of age, was born at Bracebridge, a famous plantation in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, which has been owned by the Carrs for several generations. This family is among the most prominent in the eastern part of the State, and numbers among its members many distinguished names, notably Samuel Johnson, who was Governor of the State in colonial times. After completing his education at the universities of North Carolina and Virginia, Mr. Carr entered upon his career as a farmer, and achieved distinction by the successful cultivation of his estate. He has been a commissioner of Edgecombe County for fifteen years, and a member from North Carolina of many important national gatherings. He is a member of the World's Fair Commission from North Carolina, and is also a trustee of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh. From the first he has been deeply interested in the farmers' movement, and was the first president of his township organization, afterward of that of the county, and finally of that of the State.

Mr. Carr is a man of great personal popularity, and the Democrats could not have selected a more deserving candidate.

One of the handsomest summer guide-books is that issued by the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company. It is beautifully illustrated, and contains full information as to routes and for summer tours which can be taken in connection with that line. No one who desires to visit the White Mountains, Lake Champlain, or the picturesque resorts of the New England coast, or to extend his outing as far as Nova Scotia, can go amiss in consulting the pages of this attractive book. Copies of it will be supplied by the passenger department of the company.



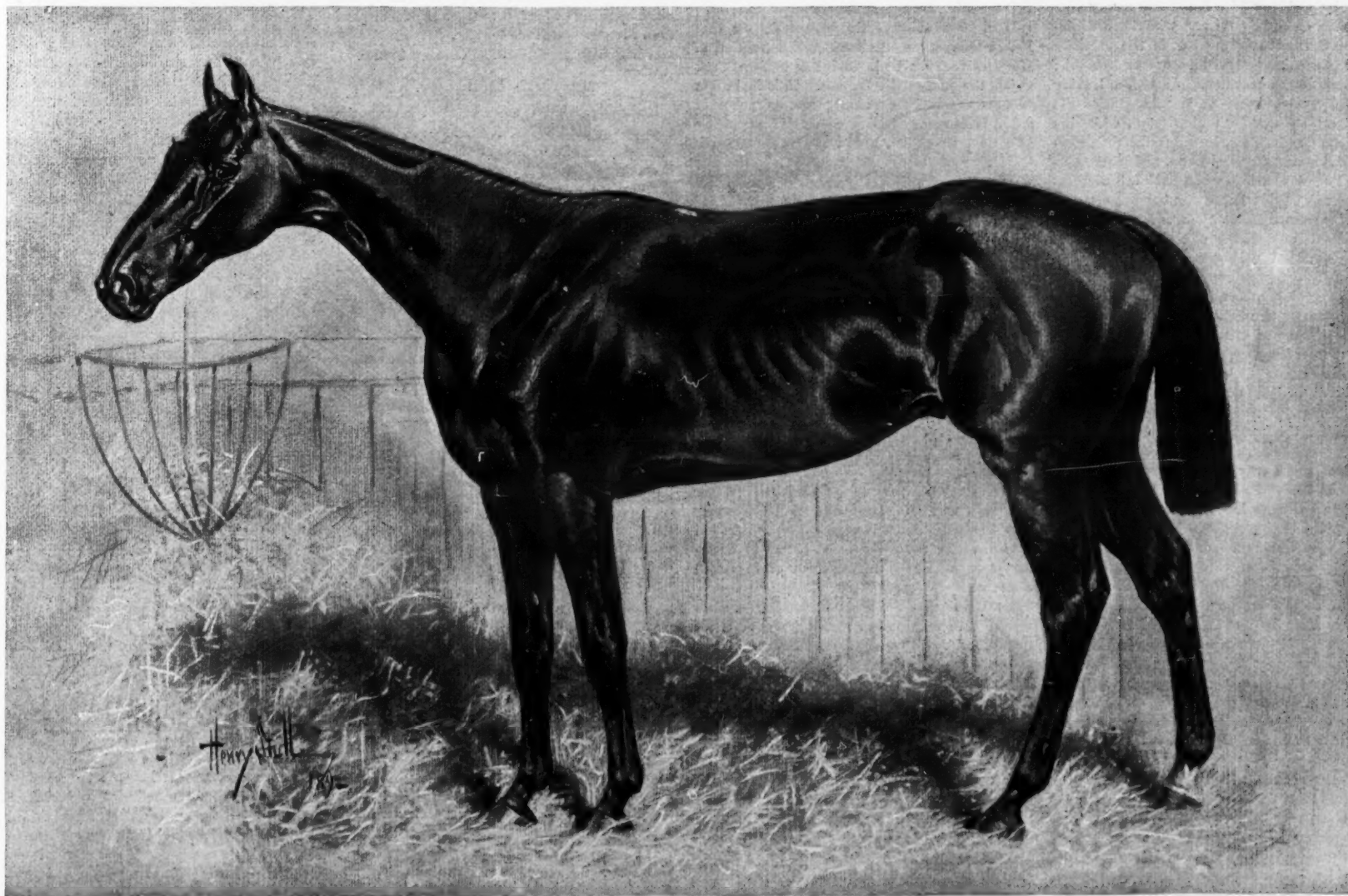
HON. ELIAS CARR.



THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—SCENE ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE NAME OF GROVER CLEVELAND.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINIST FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.



FORMAL NOTIFICATION OF PRESIDENT HARRISON, BY THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, OF HIS RENOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



MONTANA, WINNER OF THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP ON THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY COURSE, JUNE 18TH.—DRAWN BY H. STULL.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

WHITELAW REID.

THE STORY OF HIS CAREER.

THE career of the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency is typically American. Of humble origin, if judged by the standards that are used in countries where class distinctions are matters of consequence, he made himself a man of note before he was twenty-five years old, and since his active life began his progress has been steady and regular. He is of Scotch ancestry and has inherited much of the tough and forceful mentality of that hardy stock. If the names of the distinguished men in American history are recalled it will be seen that very many of them are of Scotch or Scotch-Irish ancestry. Life in America appears to have been peculiarly suitable for them, and American institutions were adapted for their development.

On both sides of his house Mr. Reid comes of Covenanter stock. His grandfather, an early pioneer in Kentucky, crossed the Ohio River in 1800 and settled for a little while on the present site of Cincinnati; but his conscience would not permit him to stay, for he had bought land upon condition that he should run a ferry-boat on Sunday as well as the other days of the week. This he could not consent to do and he relinquished his bargain and went to Xenia, where he lived till his death, and where many of his descendants have had their home. There Whitelaw Reid was born fifty-five years ago. When one recalls how long he has been a man of mark it seems almost incredible that he should be so young. But he began young. At nineteen years of age he was principal of a school; at twenty he was the editor of a country paper; at twenty-five he was a famous war correspondent; at thirty-one he was managing editor of the *Tribune*; at thirty-five he was editor of the *Tribune*; at thirty-seven he was not only editor but owner of the paper founded by Horace Greeley; at fifty-one he was minister to France, and now, four years later, he is the nominee of his party for the Vice-Presidency.

Mr. Reid was prepared for Miami University at the Xenia Academy, of which his uncle, the Rev Dr. McMillan, was principal. His preparation was so thorough that he was able to skip the freshman year and to enter as a sophomore. Three years later he was graduated with the scientific honors and entitled to the classical honors also, but these he yielded in favor of a classmate. President Harrison had been graduated from the same college four years before. A while ago how natural it seemed for young college graduates without fortunes to teach school for a year or so before engaging in any permanent business. Take up an encyclopedia of American biography and it will be found that nearly nine out of ten of the Americans who have distinguished themselves at the bar, in the pulpit or in journalism have served a more or less brief apprenticeship at teaching. Just after leaving Miami Mr. Reid was made principal of the graded schools at South Charleston, Ohio, his immediate pupils being generally older than himself. He taught French, Latin, and mathematics. From his savings while at South Charleston he repaid his father for the expenses of his senior year at college. At twenty years old he returned home and bought the *Xenia News*, which he edited with success and published with profit for two years.

In a speech made to his neighbors at White Plains when they called upon him to felicitate him upon his nomination, he said, "I am a Republican from 'way back.'" That statement was quite true, as he took an active part in the Fremont campaign in 1856, though he was too young to vote. He made speeches in his neighborhood for the first Republican candidate, and his paper at Xenia was the first Western journal outside of Illinois to advocate the nomination of Lincoln in 1860. In his district his efforts succeeded in getting a Lincoln delegate chosen to the nominating convention. This was the first break in the Ohio ranks, and it was bitterly resented by Mr. Chase, who wanted the nomination as badly in 1860 as he did at a later period. On Mr. Lincoln's return after making his famous speech in New York at Cooper Union, Mr. Reid met him at Columbus, accompanied him to Xenia, and introduced him to the people at the railway station. During this campaign the young editor worked so hard that his health was broken down and he was compelled to relinquish both his political and journalistic duties. He took a trip to the Northwest, going to the head-waters of the Mississippi, and returning across country he passed over the site of what is now the town of Duluth. What he saw on this trip he described in attractive letters published in the Cincinnati *Gazette*. During the legislative session of 1860-61 he was in Columbus as a reporter for the Cincinnati *Times*, Cincinnati *Gazette*, and Cleveland *Herald*. He wrote three letters a day, distinct in tone, upon

the same dreary legislative themes. This was a species of drudgery that severely tried his patience and courage, but it was good discipline, and rendered his later journalistic labors comparatively light and attractive.

When the legislative session was over the Cincinnati *Gazette* made Mr. Reid city editor. This position, so full of varied training, he filled until the breaking out of hostilities, when he went to West Virginia and served as correspondent to his paper and a volunteer aid on the staff of General McClellan. Now began the third period of his career, and in it he achieved such distinction that his became a familiar name all over the country. The letters of "Agate" in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, describing the only campaign at the beginning of the war in which the Union arms were not defeated, were very widely read and attracted general attention. When the campaign ended by the defeat of General Garnet's army, Mr. Reid returned to Cincinnati, and for a time wrote editorial leaders for the *Gazette*. Then he returned to West Virginia, serving on General Rosecrans's staff and acting as correspondent. He wrote descriptions of the battles of Currier's Ferry and Gauley Bridge. With the close of this second campaign he again returned to his duty as a leader writer for the *Gazette*. His most brilliant service as a war correspondent was in recording the early campaigns of General Grant at Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing. He was the only correspondent who witnessed the battle of Shiloh from its beginning to its close, and though he left a sick bed to go to the field he stayed during all the two days' fighting, and his account of that severe engagement was the first to be published and the most complete of all. It filled ten columns of the *Gazette* and was widely copied.

At the siege of Corinth General Halleck had a difficulty with the gentlemen of the press, and Mr. Reid was the chairman of a committee to wait upon the commanding general and arrange the misunderstanding. This interview led to the retirement of the correspondents from the front. Mr. Reid again returned to Cincinnati, and a little later went to Washington as the correspondent of his paper in the capital city. While here he was offered the management of a leading St. Louis paper. So as to retain him the *Gazette* agreed to sell him an interest in that paper. His profits for the first year paid two-thirds of the cost of his interest. He was now a man of substance, and since then his fortune has grown steadily, so that now, apart from his wife's wealth, he is counted a millionaire.

It was during his service in Washington that Mr. Reid's work attracted the attention of Horace Greeley, who invited him to New York to join the staff of the *Tribune*. This invitation was not accepted for several years and not until it had been renewed many times. While serving as correspondent Mr. Reid was also Librarian of the House of Representatives. When the war was over he traveled through the South with Chief Justice Chase, and wrote a book, "After the War," describing the condition of the people in the section just after the suppression of the Rebellion. This visit induced Mr. Reid to try cotton-planting in the South. His first crop in 1866 was almost entirely destroyed by the army worm, but he was not discouraged and tried two more crops in Alabama. Though these ventures did not succeed they did not fail, and Mr. Reid was no serious loser.

During his residence in the South and while his ostensible employment was that of a cotton-planter, he was hard at work on a book, "Ohio in the War." This was a great work in two volumes, a monument of industry and a model for every other State work of the kind. When this work was published and the cotton-planting episode closed, Mr. Reid renewed his connection with the Cincinnati *Gazette* and went to Washington to report the impeachment of President Johnson.

Mr. Greeley's renewed invitation in the summer of 1868 to come to New York was accepted by Mr. Reid. He was at first an editorial writer and then managing editor. During the Franco-Prussian war he had a much better service from the seat of war than any other paper, even better than the New York *Herald*, which then spent money as no other paper dared to do. In 1872 Mr. Greeley ran for the Presidency, and Mr. Reid took charge of the paper and conducted it in the interest of his chief's election. This was the first and only time that Mr. Reid has ever fought outside of the regular party lines. When Mr. Greeley died Mr. Reid retained the editorship of the *Tribune* and his friends enabled him to purchase a controlling interest in it. Since then the paper has grown stronger and stronger in a material way and is now one of the most

valuable properties of the kind in the world. There is no paper that speaks with more authority in the Republican party than the *Tribune*, and it has been so steadfast in its party zeal for nearly twenty years that few remember the incident of 1872 with any feeling of reproach.

President Hayes offered Mr. Reid the position of United States Minister to Berlin, but this was declined. The same offer was made by President Garfield, but again declined. President Harrison appointed him Minister to Paris. This honor he accepted, and from that post he has just returned with new laurels. For many years a prohibitive duty was placed by several European countries on American pork. This has been a most serious injury to the farming industry in America. Mr. Reid set himself to work to secure the removal of this duty in France, and, happily, succeeded. He also negotiated reciprocity and extradition treaties. There being no serious work immediately to be done in Paris, he resigned his commission last spring and came home. His brilliant success in France and his long service in the ranks of the Republican party pointed plainly to him as one worthy to receive high party honors, and before he had left Paris he was talked of in connection with the nomination that came to him unanimously at Chicago.

Several years ago Mr. Reid married the daughter of Mr. Darius O. Mills, who made a great fortune in California and then came to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Reid have several children. Their town house is the palace in Madison Avenue built by Henry Villard when that gambler in railroads was upon the highest wave of prosperity; their country home is in Westchester County, "Ophir Farm," a splendid place, built by the once famous Ben Halliday.

In personal appearance Mr. Reid is dark, tall, and slight. His face is alert, and his eyes bright and keen. He is quick in manner, but restrained. He shows no nervousness in the conduct of affairs, but is always self-possessed and shows that he knows exactly what he is doing. He has never contracted the slovenly business habits of many literary and newspaper men. He is promptness itself. He does not hold that if you leave a letter unanswered for a few days it will answer itself, but at once attends courteously to whatever communication deserves notice.

This, it will be granted, has been a varied career. Mr. Reid has managed to grow broad as his career has widened, and now he is ripe with the fullness of experience and mellow with the warmth of knowledge. He knows the world and the men in it, and cannot be misled by false lights, however brilliantly they may shine, for his eyes will not be dazzled by the glare nor his feet invited to trace any other path than the one that leads to duty.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

MR. REID'S BIRTHPLACE.

Cedarville, Ohio, a mere way station on the great Pan-Handle Railroad, has now become famous because Whitelaw Reid, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, was born three miles away from the little station, past which the great express trains thunder as if Cedarville was not on the map. But they do not always rush past in such a fashion. About twice a year there are orders given any east or west bound train to stop at Cedarville. That is when Whitelaw Reid comes home to pay the visit of a dutiful son to an aged and adoring mother. The word soon spreads from the depot that the lightning express will stop, and there is a crowd waiting to see the great editor, diplomat, and man of affairs. He is met by his man-servant, William Connelly, and driven rapidly to his farm—the one-hundred-acre farm which his father, now sleeping in the village cemetery, cleared by his own hand—and to the magnificent mansion which the son constructed a few years ago as a gift to the mother, and to be in his declining years a country retreat for Whitelaw Reid himself. Every one knows him as he drives by. They have known him since boyhood, and he calls out to "Uncle Bill" and "Aunt Sally" as familiarly as if he had never been the American Minister to the glittering court of Carnot, nor had stood where kings have been proud to stand.

It is a pleasant drive to the old farm, with no special points of interest. Just as the road turns into a long shaded driveway there is seen the site of the old school-house in which Whitelaw Reid received his earliest education.

The Reid farm presents a pretty picture. It is truly the home of a gentleman farmer, as the well-kept fences and well-trimmed trees indicate. He is a great lover of trees, is intensely interested in forestry, and at every visit sets out or orders new trees in different spots, where sixty years ago his father's axe was cutting down the grand old monarchs of the forest.

Thus it is that the roadway is a beautiful approach to the handsome villa which he built, regardless of cost, as a home for his aged mother—a grander mansion than she ever dreamed of having in those far-away days when Whitelaw was a weak and sickly boy, creating each day a fearful doubt if he would ever grow up to manhood. When he proposed this new home, the old mother demurred. She was eighty years old, and she thought the old home in which she had lived for sixty years was good enough for the few years yet allotted to her on earth. But the farm had become Whitelaw's property, and he

had his way. So the plans were made to build around the main part of the old homestead, and preserve it, as Mrs. Garfield did when she erected such a palace at Mentor. But you cannot tell, from the outside of this Reid mansion, where the old building stands, so completely has the exterior been covered over with artistic ornament.

A cedar-tree is very close to the porch of the house; in fact the porch was almost built around it. This tree was planted by Mrs. Reid herself when Whitelaw was a mere baby. It was called "Whitelaw's tree," and both grew up together. When the carpenters were preparing to remodel the old place they were about to cut this tree out of the way. The old mother declared that it should stand. The carpenters protested that they could not build her new house without cutting it down.

"Then we have no new house," she said; and they continued to build around it.

The interior of the home is conveniently arranged, especially the new part, but she takes more delight in the wide hall connecting old with new, and says, "It was once my parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen—all in one, and I have had many happy days in it."

The furniture which the venerable mother had as her wedding outfit over sixty years ago stands among that of modern make, and she points with pride to her old-fashioned canopy bed, on which she has rested for sixty years and on which she hopes to die. The same tick and same cords are well preserved and in constant use.

She lives without kin nearer than an aged sister at Cedarville, three miles distant, being dependent upon her man-servant and his wife, both of whom were brought up on the place.

The old lady is in her eighty-ninth year and gets around quite vigorously for one so old. Her mind is still bright, and while she has a mother's pride in her son's success she is never excited, always saying, "The Lord has been very kind to Whitelaw, and his responsibility is therefore the greater."

She is a strict Covenanter Presbyterian, and belongs to the Cedarville church, which has the largest congregation of any Covenanter church in America. She was Marion Whitelaw Ronald, born in Caledonia, Vermont, of Scotch parents. Her husband, Robert Charlton Reid, was born of Irish parents near Lexington, Kentucky. He was a weaver and carpenter before he married his wife at Garrison Creek, Indiana, and moved to the present Reid farm, which he cleared himself. The name Whitelaw is for an old surveyor of Vermont, of whom Mrs. Reid's mother was a great admirer, and it is transmitted to the children of each family. The candidate for Vice-President was baptized James Whitelaw Reid, and for a time signed himself J. Whitelaw Reid. There were so many of the same initials, however, that, like Grover Cleveland, he dropped the first name, and has always been called Whitelaw at home and abroad.

F. B. GESSNER.

MISS CURRIE DUKE.

LETTERS from Berlin represent that musical circles there have become greatly interested in Miss Currie Duke, a fair daughter of Kentucky who has been for some time a pupil of Joachim. Miss Duke is regarded by her instructor as a "born artist," and her many admirers concur warmly in his estimate. Miss Duke is the second daughter of General Basil Duke, of Louisville, Kentucky, and her mother is the sister of the noted Confederate cavalryman, General John A. Morgan. She is still quite young, a lovely brunette with a spirituelle face and the most beautiful brown eyes, that seem to be looking afar off into a fairer region than this. One of the most artistic and picturesque scenes is to see her on the stage before an enraptured audience, with her petite little figure, holding her violin, apparently wholly unconscious of the excitement she is creating. Aside from her musical gifts she inherits some of the distinctive intellectual traits of the Curries of Scotland, to whom she is related and for whom she is named. Dr. James Currie, M. D., F. R. S., was a great uncle of General Duke, and they were noted from time immemorial in Scotland (among the literati) for their love of the sciences and intellectual pursuits. General Duke is a talented lawyer as well as a brave soldier, and a most charming gentleman. Miss Currie owes much of her success to having had a mother of a decided and intellectual character, who inspired the daughter with ambition, selected the best masters, and looked after her practice. Miss Currie was only eight years old when she commenced the study of the violin. She was four years in Cincinnati under Jacobsohn's instruction, then she went abroad and was placed under Joachim, her present master at Berlin, where she has been four years. Her social success in Berlin has been marked. She will return to her Kentucky home during the present summer.

SARA H. HENTON.

COMMODORE RICHARD W. MEADE.

RICHARD WORSAM MEADE, the third of his name and the newest addition to the list of flag-officers of the navy, is a descendant on the maternal side of the noble family of Ormonde, in Ireland. He is the oldest son of the late Commodore Richard Worsam Meade, and grandson of the worthy citizen of Philadelphia who served the government many years as navy agent and consul at Cadiz, Spain. General George G.

Meade and the first Commodore Meade were born at Cadiz.

The subject of this sketch has a distinguished career as a naval commander. He began at a fortunate time to make a name, as the breaking out of the war found him a lieutenant of three years standing, with sea-service duty back to 1851. During the war he served in many important capacities, achieving distinction and becoming lieutenant-commander. He was commissioned commodore in September, 1868. In 1870 he commanded the famous schooner-yacht *America*, "for experimental purposes," and sailed her in the regatta in New York harbor of that year, when she showed her heels to the crack British yacht *Cambria*. In 1871-3 he commanded the *Narragansett*, on the Pacific station, and made a memorable cruise, having sailed 60,000 miles in 431 days, and visited every quarter of the Pacific, including Australia and the Coral Sea. In the Polynesian islands he forcibly collected indemnity for outrages inflicted by the natives on American citizens.

In 1886-7 he was president of a board of inventory, to schedule and classify obsolete stores and material at the various navy yards, of which there were enormous quantities, and out of the work of this board grew what is known as the Whitney business system of the navy, which revolutionized old methods. On completion of this duty, Secretary Whitney made Captain Meade commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, and in July, 1890, he was placed at the head of the naval exhibit at the World's Fair, which is now his duty, with headquarters in Washington.

Considering Captain Meade's brilliant record the Senate conferred upon him the honor of confirmation without reference to a committee—a distinction always hitherto reserved for appointees who had once been members of the Senate.

CHANLER'S AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

We give herewith a portrait of Mr. William Astor Chanler, the young American who is known to all interested in African explorations from his daring trip through Masailand, around Mount Kilima-Njaro, some three years ago. Mr. Chanler is a son of the late John Winthrop Chanler, and is just now the object of wide attention because of his expedition to a section of the Dark Continent which, owing to the inveterate hostility of the inhabitants, has hitherto defied the most persistent endeavors of all explorers. Mr. Chanler's expedition will start from Lamu, on the east coast, in the territory of the British East African Company. His caravan will muster two hundred rifles. He is accompanied by Lieutenant Hornel, of the Austrian navy, who has already traveled in Africa to



WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

some extent. The only other white man will be his servant, George Galwin. The objects of the expedition are purely scientific, and the equipment is as complete as possible, including a great quantity of perfected instruments and cases for the preservation of botanical and entomological specimens.

After leaving Lamu the expedition will proceed up the Tana River to Mount Kenia. Thence

it will go north, traversing the territory east of Rudolph Lake, a tract of country of which nothing is known, except that it is inhabited by warlike Nilotic tribes. This country has been the objective point of many abortive expeditions, and was the scene of the massacre of Baron Van der Decken, and of the more recent and less tragic failures of Revoil, Prince Ruspoli, and Ferrandi.

Mr. Chanler believes, according to a cable account, that by entering the country of the Galla and Somals from this direction, and thus taking them unprepared, these fierce tribesmen will be disposed to assist the strangers on to the coast and get them out of the country quickly rather than to drive them back into the interior, where, by stirring up their enemies against them, they might be a source of trouble to the Galla and the Somals for years. He hopes that, marching down the Jubba River, he will be able to reach the coast within two years after leaving it, having traveled three thousand miles through the least-known portions of the continent.

THE YALE BASE-BALL TEAM.

If all of the players of the Yale Base-ball Club were as clever as Captain Murphy no fears need be entertained about the result of the pennant series of games. "Little Murph," as he is called, illustrates the fact that it does not always require that a man should be a giant in stature to excel in every form of athletic exercise. Of course in the practice of many sports muscle plays a conspicuous part, but Murphy has never seen the time when he would not willingly put himself beside a bigger man in a test to show what quickness and skill can do when height and weight are lacking. His record since he became a member of Yale's base-ball forces is one to be proud of.

In the last three games with Harvard last year he played in centre field, and distinguished himself by displaying his ability wherever and whenever an emergency required it. He excels in batting, and places his hits with fine judgment. It was his fine hitting and clever fielding that saved Yale from a defeat at the hands of the Princetonians last fall.

It is no reflection upon "Little Murph's" ability as a commander to say that Yale will not win the base-ball pennant of '92. He has done all that any man could do with the material he had. The team is defective in many respects. The men have failed to come up to expectations as players. Only a few of the men who constituted the winning team of last year remained in college, and the vacant places have been filled by youngsters, many of whom were not qualified to do so. The training they will receive this year, however, ought to be of great value to them next season, and it may be our duty as well as our pleasure to chronicle the success of Yale in the 'Varsity struggle.

Pitcher Staggs was such a useful member of the Yale team when he was at college that it was deemed to be a matter of impossibility to find a man worthy to succeed him in the pitcher's box. His successors have been placed at a serious disadvantage in having to stand a comparison. Duzell followed Staggs, but the poor condition of his health precluded the possibility of his playing steadily, and he was forced to retire.

The present pitcher is Hubert O. Bowers, a senior in the academic department. He played in the field and as a substitute during the series of 1890, and last year he won the distinction of being the best pitcher in college, and he participated in all of the championship games played against Princeton.

While Bowers is not an ideal pitcher he possesses many qualities that combine to make him a desirable man to have on a ball team. He has not an athletic physique, and lacks the muscular development that is required to deliver what is called a speedy ball. He relies mainly upon his ability to deliver puzzling curves that disconcert a batsman. He uses good judgment, and his headwork enables him to win many

games. He makes a study of a batsman's weak points, and a knowledge of them is extremely valuable to him when he wants to deliver a ball that is not intended to be hit. He has great command over a ball, and can use drops, in and out shoots, and curves that would puzzle a professional to hit.

There are other good men on the team. Norton, the second baseman, is a valuable man at second base, and especially so when Murphy is playing in short field. Kedsie, the third baseman, can always be depended upon, and Jackson, the catcher, is really what the students call him—a "J. Dandy." S. C. AUSTIN.

THE SUBURBAN WINNER.

THE \$25,000 Suburban, won by Marcus Daly's horse, Montana, in 2.07 2-5, on Sheephead Bay track, June 18th, was one of the most brilliant races of recent years. There was a concourse of some twenty thousand people, and the excitement was intense. Garrison, the jockey, rode superbly, and the spectators ascribed as much of the credit of the victory to him as to the horse.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A CAMPAIGNER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone is now in his eighty-third year, he is without a rival in England as a campaigner. He recently opened the electoral campaign in London with a speech at the Memorial Hall, in which he displayed extraordinary physical and intellectual vigor. The *Illustrated London News* says of Mr. Gladstone that "It has been remarked by all who know him that during the last six months he has shown greater energy and resource than at any time since 1886. The speech at the Memorial Hall was full of fire and argumentative dexterity, and it illustrated in a signal way Mr. Gladstone's capacity for grasping the chief issues of a great controversy and marshaling them within the limits of a single address."

A FUTURE KING.

Prince Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Roumania, is soon to marry Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The betrothal is regarded with favor as showing the confidence shared by the courts of Great Britain and of Russia, since the Duchess of Edinburgh is sister to the Emperor Alexander III., in the stability and prosperity of the Roumanian kingdom. Roumania has a population of five millions and a half, a standing army of 60,000 or 70,000 good soldiers, with a militia or territorial army exceeding one hundred thousand, and is a country of great natural resources. Prince Ferdinand was born in 1865. His future bride was born in October, 1875, and is, of course, a grandchild of Queen Victoria and niece to the Emperor of Russia.

A RECEPTION IN MOROCCO.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* a striking picture of the reception by the Sultan of Morocco of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, the commissioner recently sent to that country by the British government. The commissioner and his party were received in a court-yard, into which the Sultan rode, preceded by a crowd of slaves, led horses, and two men with immensely long spears. He was dressed in white, and was mounted on a big gray horse, with saddle and horse-furniture of pale apple-green silk. A crimson-and-green umbrella was held over him. As he entered, the assembled multitude shouted loudly, the band played, and the troops presented arms.

A PERSIAN RACE.

The Persians have always been noted as horsemen, and a race in Teheran is always a popular event. Our picture, from the London *Graphic*, shows an incident of the races of last December, when the winner of the first race fell dead as he passed the Shah's tent. His Majesty sat in a gorgeous pavilion, with a small table in front of him and his attendants behind him. On the ground in front of the pavilion were five small scarlet bags, which contained the prizes given to the winners of the races.

THE NANCY FETES.

The University gymnastic festivities at Nancy, the historic capital of Lorraine, passed off brilliantly, in the first week of June, without any of the complications or mishaps which had been apprehended from the visit of the President of the French republic to a place so jealously watched by the Germans from their neighboring frontier. This presidential visit was crowned by an unexpected and notable happening—namely, the advent of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who came on from the watering-place of Contrexéville to pay his respects in

person to President Carnot. Such a significant compliment, occurring simultaneously as it did with the meeting of the Czar and Emperor William at Kiel, naturally aroused a furor of enthusiasm. Another incident illustrated is the arrival of the picturesque Sokols (Falconers), an organization of Czech students wearing the falcon's feather in their black caps, and who came from Bohemia, despite the Austrian imperial interdiction, to fraternize with their French colleagues.

PRESIDENT HARRISON NOTIFIED.

THE committee appointed by the Republican National Convention to notify President Harrison officially of his renomination, performed that duty on June 20th, in the East Room of the White House, at Washington, in the presence of some two hundred persons. Forty members of the committee were present, with Governor McKinley as chairman. The address of the latter was brief, compact, and impressive. The President in replying was characteristically terse and felicitous. He took occasion to acknowledge gratefully the faithful and sagacious co-operation of all who have contributed during the last three years to the success of his administration and the prosperity of the country. Referring to the results of three years of Republican control, he said: "The home market for farm products has been retained and enlarged by the establishment of great manufacturing industries; while new markets abroad of large and increasing value, long obstinately closed to us, have been opened on favored terms to our meats and breadstuffs, by the removal of unjust discriminating restrictions and by numerous reciprocal trade agreements under Section 3 of the McKinley bill. These acts of administration and legislation can now fortunately be judged by their fruits. In 1890 it was a conflict of predictions; now our adversaries must face trade statistics and prices current."



G. S., Walden, N. Y.—Is logical, careful, capable, diligent, and generous. A useful person and a pleasant companion. Sincerity, truth, candor, and frankness are conspicuous, also self-respect and some vanity. Tenacity and decision are visible, as is good temper and general good intention in all things.

J. W., Worcester, Mass.—Is logical, clear-headed, frank, fearless, confident, and rather even in temper. There is a general indication of careful, intelligent work, and some diligence, capacity for reticence, the habit of appreciating and asserting individual opinions, also of holding them with good temper but tenacity. A handwriting without a trace of unkind thought or uneasy conscience.

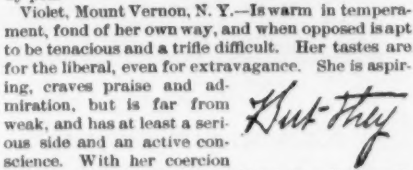
Mary G. F., Findlay, Ohio.—Is ambitious, cultivated, somewhat versatile, observing, with a clear, logical, considerate mind and much general ability for excellent work. She is sincere, amiable, and affectionate, although not expansive, also vivacious, and in fact thoroughly feminine in temperament, with a touch of sentiment, but without helplessness or dependence. In speech she is ready and easy, in disposition agreeable and companionable. She is firm to a bit of obstinacy, respectful of self and capable of tact and diplomacy.

Mary Jane, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Is warm in temperament, confident, generous and somewhat egotistical. There is apparent frankness, but capacity for reticence; also decision, firmness, energy, a touch of enthusiasm, considerable push, persistence, and affections which are warm, at times expansive and even a bit ingenuous. The mind is logical and practical.

Nemo, Providence, R. I.—You have a thoughtful, reflective mind, are variable in disposition, though in the main just; unsystematic and possessed of self-respect which borders perilously upon self-esteem and appreciation. In some matters you are persevering, decided and firm, but you are withal not difficult to influence. There is with you danger of narrowness of idea as you grow in age, and perhaps a bit of crustiness. Practical thrift and economy are very well in their way, but do not clip the wings of thought and study to be always logical. The world is wide; you may safely expand.

B. H., Nashville, Tenn.—Possesses a clear, logical and practical mind, well trained, candid and just. He believes in himself, not aggressively, but as a matter of course, and is well content to enjoy his own opinions, not needing to have them shared. He is liberal in his views and habits, rather systematic, possessed of good sense and most excellent judgment. Last, but not least, he has good taste and a faculty for neat and expressive exposition of his thoughts, both in speech and by pen.

Violet, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Is warm in temperament, fond of her own way, and when opposed is apt to be tenacious and a trifle difficult. Her tastes are for the liberal, even for extravagance. She is aspiring, craves praise and admiration, but is far from weak, and has at least a serious side and an active conscience. With her coercion must ever fail, but influence, if subtle, will prevail, and there is good promise for the future.





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THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WHITELAW REID, AND HOME OF HIS AGED MOTHER, NEAR CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

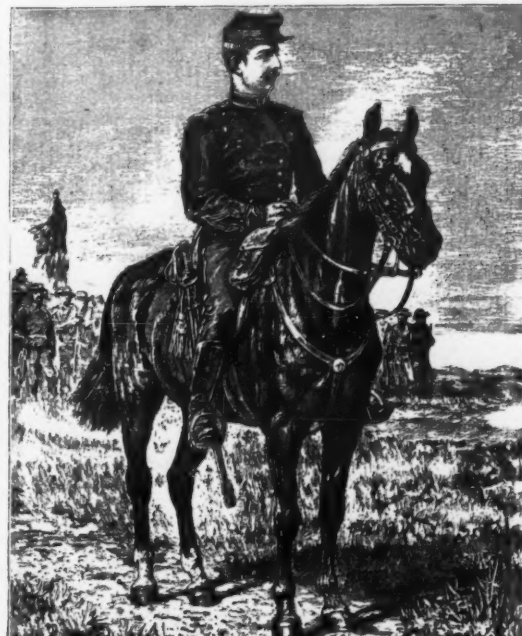
HON. WHITELAW REID, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY, WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER AND A VIEW OF THE FAMILY MANSION NEAR CEDARVILLE, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 10.]



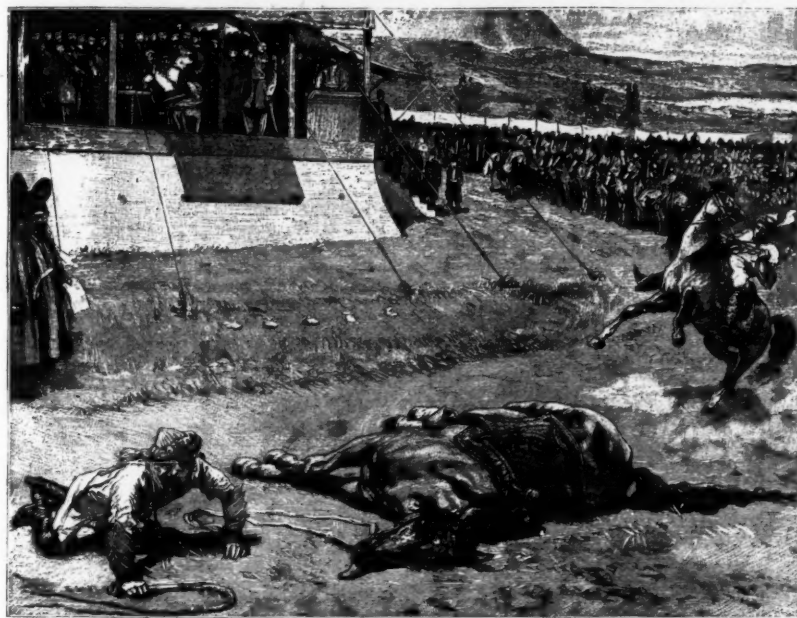
DON ALFONZO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.



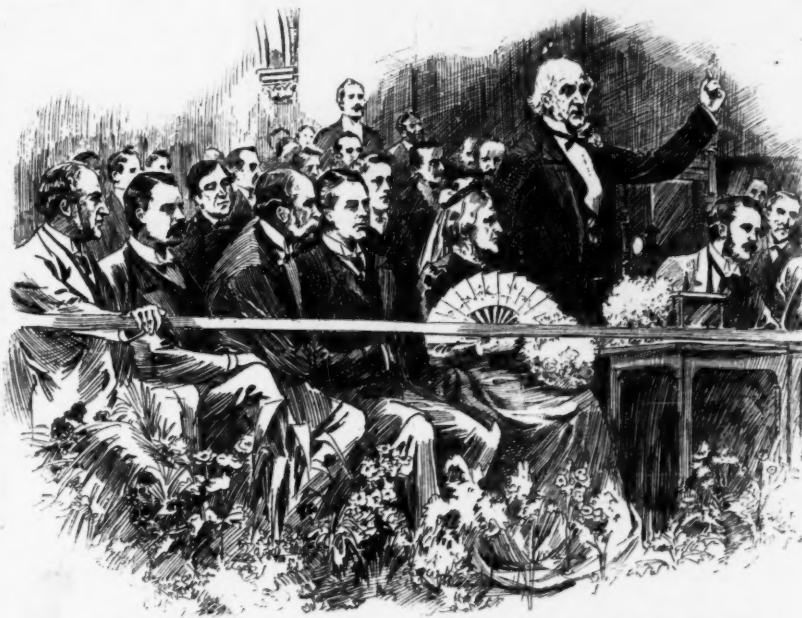
THE FETES AT NANCY—ARRIVAL OF THE SOKOLS (TURNERS) FROM BOHEMIA.



CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA AS CAPTAIN OF THE VENATORI.



A PERSIAN DERBY AT TEHERAN—THE WINNING HORSE FALLING DEAD IN FRONT OF THE SHAH'S TENT.



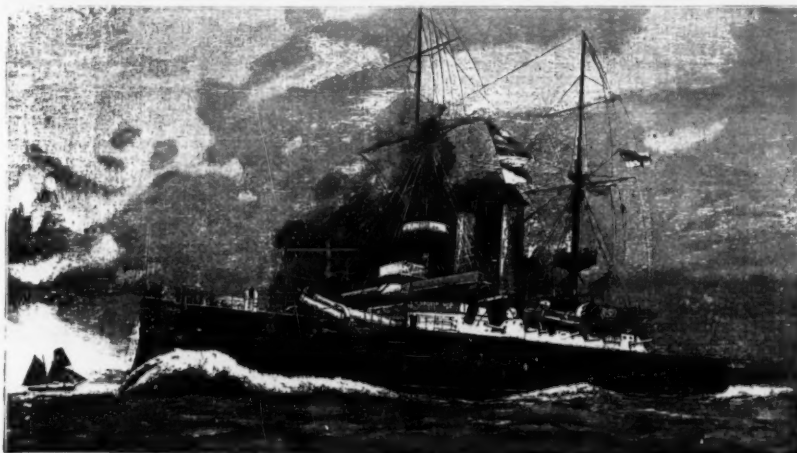
MR. GLADSTONE OPENING THE ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN AT MEMORIAL HALL, LONDON.



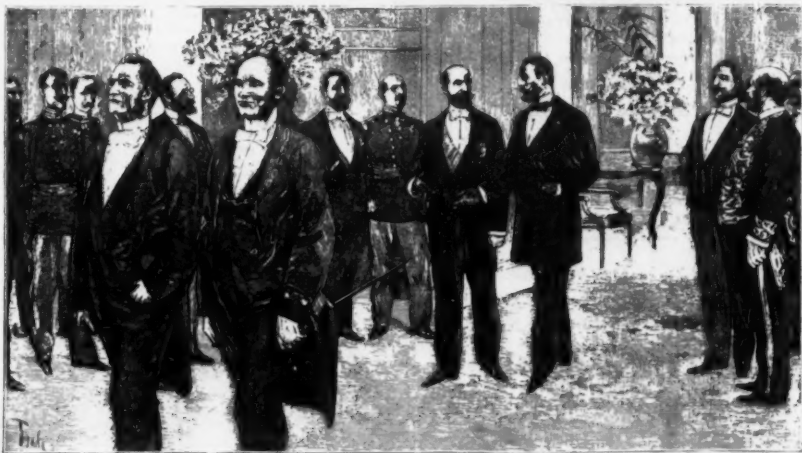
PRESIDENT CARNOT WELCOMES THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NANCY.



SIR CHARLES EUAN-SMITH RECEIVED BY THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



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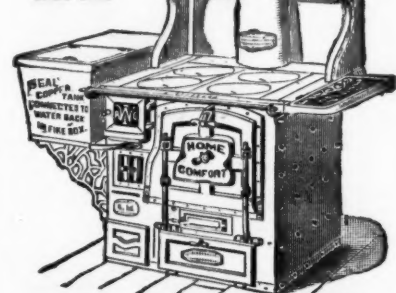
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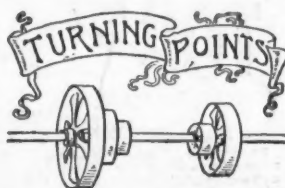
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Do you know that the horse which staggers with 500 pounds upon his back trots off easily with 2000 pounds loaded on wheels?



Do you know that if you were chained to 500 lbs. of iron in the form of a cube you would die if bread was but one-eighth of a mile off?—that in a cask you could roll 2000 lbs. around the earth?



Do you know that every time you step you lift your weight (say 150 lbs.) one inch, which added up makes a lot at the end of a day?—that on a bicycle you can go farther, faster and easier in the same time?



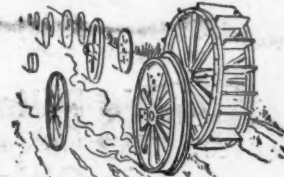
Take the wheel from the locomotive and one-half the world's industry would die. Remove it from the car, carriage and factory, and the wealth of the world would dwindle nine-tenths. You

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would hear of no Goulds, no Astors, no Vanderbilts. Wall Street would go down a tradition to future generations.



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Are you satisfied to move along as your grandfathers did before you; patient and plodding, so long as you get there some time?

Or would you rather keep pace with the world as it rolls on, and look better, feel better, work better; to strengthen every muscle by enjoyable exercise, instead of dying for the want of it?



Would you rather have a clear head, carry it high, and be able to hit hard, jump high, sleep sound and eat well, or allow many muscles to lie dormant and wear out by rusting out?



And finally:

If you are satisfied that the bicycle is the "noblest wheel of 'em all"—that it is the steed of the immediate future, and the one to bestow upon you what medicine cannot—viz: good health—then the question arises, which bicycle is best?

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